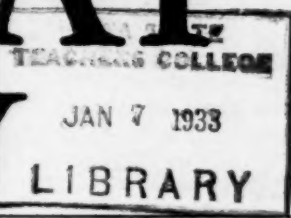


THE

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SATURDAY REVIEW



No. 4026. Vol. 154
FOUNDED 1855

24 December 1932

Price Threepence
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER

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Notes of the Week

Last week the Saturday Reviewer expressed a doubt whether the conditions probably to be attached to any agreement of the U.S.A. for revision of war debts might not prove so little acceptable as to make revision impracticable and to force repudiation on us. President Hoover has lost no time in showing the world that this doubt was fully justified. This is his Christmas Box to America's former allies and present debtors. No revision without "definite compensations" to America.

The Beam and The Mote

And such compensations, it is clearly implied in the President's message to Congress, must include a serious decrease of expenditure by other nations on armaments and the abolition of "restrictions imposed on imports of goods," or in other words the right for America to pour her raw products and manufactured articles into defenceless European markets. This comes well from the nation that has built walls of brass round its own markets and increased its own military expenditure by over 50 per cent. since the war. If Mr. Hoover had a sense of humour, we

should think he wrote this message with his tongue in his cheek.

The Final Word

Nor is this all. The concessions, clearly conceived as the extreme limit, that are adumbrated by the outgoing President as the hypothetical result of the purely American delegation suggested by him to deal with the problem, may easily be turned down by Congress which, as Mr. Hoover pertinently points out, has the last word. Indeed this seems even probable. Already a year ago Congress refused to set up a Debts Commission. Now the economic situation in America is far worse than it was then, and it is so much the more difficult for intelligent Americans to persuade their fellow citizens who control Congress that cancellation of the war debts—the only thing that will do real good—will help them out of their plight. Mr. Hoover himself gives them the straight tip: "It is my belief that their importance (i.e. that of war debts), relative to other world economic factors in action, is exaggerated." If this is the President's view, why should the average Congressman, with his eye on popularity, take one saner or better informed? And if war debts are not of extreme importance, why should America reduce, still more cancel, them? And already the incoming President refuses to join in the outgoing President's totally unsatisfying plan!

Whatever may lie in the well of truth and despite the moral duty of candour, our workaday world would soon crash about us if we adopted garrulous divulgence as our rule of life. Indeed we all talk and tell and gossip and slander too much. But when Cabinet Ministers take to telling, the continuance of our political system is endangered. Lord Snowden began the new game, Mr. Lloyd George and lesser babblers continued it the other day. Now Lord Hailsham has delivered judgment in the House of Lords. His judgment is that Cabinet Ministers are bound by Privy Councillor's oath to keep secret all Cabinet proceedings and even their recollection of proceedings; that the Official Secrets Act covers the point of honour in legal terms; and that only the King can release a Minister from his obligation. That is certainly that and there should be no appeal.

Should Anyone Tell?

Between every two lines of President Hoover's message to Congress stands clearly writ the message to us that so far no real progress has been made in American opinion along the only lines that we see as hopeful. As it appears in Washington the situation is merely one that, if properly handled, will put inestimable political and economic eggs into the American basket. The nations that have refused to pay up are bad boys. England, having paid, is a good boy and may be treated with politeness—so long as we do all we are told to.

The Reward of Merit

Result: a good many people in London are asking what sense there can be in such conditions in holding the much advertised "World Economic Conference." **Cui bono?** Anyone who harbours an illusion as to the part to be expected of American policy at this, or indeed any other, juncture should study the outspoken speech made this week by Sir Alan Anderson, chairman of the Orient Line, who showed that in the last twelve years the U.S. has paid in subsidies to American shipping companies, and in order to filch away trade from Great Britain, the gigantic sum of 600 million sterling, or only 25 per cent. less than we owe America (without interest) for money borrowed to run the war. Yet estimable Americans are astonished to find their country beginning to be regarded as the world's bully.

So de Valera's chickens are coming home to roost at last. The Irish Republican Army—pretentious name for a gang of murdering gunmen—put him into power and now even they have turned on the megalomaniac with

Double- Barrelled Gunmen

whom they fought in the '16 rebellion and in the civil war that followed the Irish Treaty.

The I.R.A. recently organised a "Boycott British goods" campaign and two of its members damaged premises. They were arrested and then refused to plead or recognise the court—for which they were sentenced to a month's imprisonment for contempt. In order to impose those sentences the Judge had to invoke an Act passed by the late Cosgrave Government to preserve the public peace! No wonder the gunmen are now bitterly reviling their one-time leader. No wonder the young men whom he allowed to be organised and drilled in the use of arms have been openly disowning him during the last few days. De Valera relying on a Cosgrave Act for the punishment of his recalcitrant gangsters! How the gods must be laughing, and what fools both de Valera and the gunmen must feel when they try to decide which is playing the confidence trick on which.

If ever a Government was unhappy, surely this National Government is unhappy and unlucky over the Totes imbroglio. It is, to ordinary minds, difficult to distinguish one form of four-legged animal from another where betting

The Treble Event

is concerned. If the Totalisator is proper on a race-course, convenient to the public, advantageous to the Exchequer, and Mocenas to the breed of horses, why is it improper, disastrous, and criminal on a grey-hound track? That is the issue which once again finds legislative common sense opposed by a junta of strange bedfellows including book-makers and puritans. The spectacle or sound of a choir in which the basses chant "Six to one, bar one—I'm laying the field—the field a pony—Two to one Obelisk, three to one Daniel, twenty to one Bloodiovski" while the trebles pipe "Betting is a sin—wagers destroy the soul—make Club sweeps illegal—stop all gambling—save our souls—save our souls—save our souls" must be in all ways Gilbertian. But Ministers, several of whom are among the trebles, have little sense of humour.

Besides, they always want to bet each way—in the old lady's sense of "win or lose." Whatever they do is likely to be wrong and a Bill promoted in the Lords has still to pass a Commons in which prejudice cuts across party. It is all oddly like the Prayer Book controversy and the speeches would be equally sincere and persuasive, if the oratory were on a more vernacular scale. For our part we find the whole affair as full of sham and hypocrisy, from beginning to end, as the eagerness of the Labour party to score a parliamentary point by howling down the sport or amusement of its own supporters.

Each Way

Is Great Britain wedded to Germany's declared policy of winning back for herself the position she lost by her own challenge to arms?

For Better? For Worse?

It would be instructive to learn what ideas on this subject inspire Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon. Together with the American representative at Geneva, Mr. Norman Davis, they have just lent valiant aid towards getting for Germany the price of blackmail. By threatening to stay out of the Disarmament Conference and so suddenly wreck that unwieldy galleon, Germany has set her foot on yet another rung of the ambitious ladder that if successfully climbed will lead to a reversal of the decision of 1918. The German threat was sufficient. Germany has been paid the price for coming back—the right to equal armaments that was taken from her by the treaty of peace and as a guarantee for peace.

Baron von Rheinbaben, one of the German delegates at Geneva and long known in the Reichstag for relatively moderate opinions on foreign affairs, has just published a tract entitled "The Disarmament Conference — What Next?"

What Next?

The answer is supplied by the discussion actively proceeding in Germany as to the best means of getting back the Polish Corridor that keeps the way open from Poland to Dantzig and the sea. Last July the *Saturday Review* reproduced part of a conversation in which a highly responsible German official had some years ago outlined his country's programme. In September was published in France and in Germany a different conversation in which Herr von Hoesch, then ambassador in Paris and now in London, is alleged to have repeated virtually the same points, save that the end of the Reparations and the evacuation of the Rhine were omitted by the latter as already achieved.

The points in the version attributed to the German ambassador were: (1) equality of status in armaments, (2) a solution of the Dantzig and Polish corridor question, (3) the return of the former German colonies, (4) the "liberation" of Austria, meaning the latter's right to unite with Germany, (5) the return to Germany of the Saar territory. And then the ambassador's interlocutor asked the same question put in the case related by the *Saturday Review*: "And after that?"

Seriatim

In both cases the answer amounted to: "After that we shall see." Without going into future detail Herr von Rheinbaben's pamphlet does nothing to allay the natural anxiety aroused in Poland, who feels her turn to be coming next.

We should be interested to know what points of the settlement made by the Allies at Versailles are

not reversed by the present German programme. Saving indeed the retrocession of Alsace and Lorraine. Perhaps however this will fit into the "after that." We should also be interested to know what this country means to do about it. And first about Poland, Europe's chief buffer against the Soviets, whereas Germany is linked by commercial treaties and military understanding with Great Britain's enemies in the Kremlin.

Every lover of the classics is eternally indebted to the Westminster Play, since now and we hope for ever more, it holds up to ridicule the hybrid pronunciation of Latin which the Classical Association imposed upon our schools and universities to the ruin of the subjects they are supposed to have at heart. Praise be to the Gods who rule this world, that by no conceivable means can a Latin Epilogue stuffed with English puns be produced, if Latin is pronounced in the quasi-Franco-Italiano-Hellenico-and-Heaven-knows-what-not manner.

The Westminster Play

The play this year was "The Adelphi" of Terence and the high standard of recent years was well maintained. Messrs. Barlas and Simmons as Micio and Demea, contrasted products of paternal discipline, gave an admirable performance, ably supported by Mr. Adams as Syrus the Slave. Mr. Anido was a creditable and credible Grecian matron and Mr. Boycott a really venerable Hegio. In the Epilogue, Mr. Eggar shone as a mute and fascinating barmaid of the platinum-blond type.

Puns in the Epilogue were as hair-raising as ever. "Euge! merum sodes" seems to hint at a request for a rum and soda, a ghastly drink, and the lost property office finds its way into the line, "Aut nebulo est prope te officium!" An echo of Roosevelt sounds in "Ignarus vel trux esse videris." Sky-writing is strangely mangled in, "Ingenuos mores prisci rite ingemis aevi," and what is the purist to make of security and Simon when they are camouflaged thus: "Galli securi tympana pulsant Bellica: sed pacem si monuere patres." Yo Yo, the Mollison flights, every bit of up-to-date news finds a place in the "Epilogus in Adelphos."

He, She, and It

[Miss Clara Bow is tired of "It" parts on the screen.]

Lust has been roused and passion spent,
Year in and æon out—
So why this ceaseless argument
About "it" and about?

France has her first Socialist Prime Minister. True, M. Paul Boncour was ejected from the ranks of the Socialist party, but only as a matter of discipline for having accepted a post in a *bourgeois* Government, and there is no reason

A Chocolate Cabinet

to suppose that he has recanted his collectivist principles. M. Paul Boncour, who is the type of successful lawyer-politician, has a pet vanity: an assiduously cultivated resemblance to Robespierre. His cabinet is as much a jumble as the mentality of the Radical party which it chiefly represents. M. Chéron, at the Treasury, and M. Georges Leygues, Minister of Marine, are ancient ratters from the side of M. Poincaré and M. Tardieu. There is the inevitable M. Painlevé, an eminent mathematician whose itch for office is equalled by his incomparable unbusinesslike habits.

There is the respectable and powerful M. Albert Sarrant, joint proprietor of *La Dépêche de Toulouse*, the biggest provincial paper in the world. There are two very shady customers. Paris estimates give this motley government life long enough for *la trêve des confiseurs*, the political truce called to let chocolate makers sell their boxes—France's traditional New Year gifts.

**

Mr. Michael Beaumont, the Conservative M.P. for Aylesbury, has taken the right step. He occupied the honorary post of Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Ramsbotham, the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Education, and while everybody knows that the office of a P.P.S. to a P.S. is an extremely minor one it does nevertheless carry responsibility and usually paves the way to a greater responsibility. Mr. Beaumont opposed the Government on both the Town Planning Bill and the London Passenger Transport Bill and, in consequence, was rightly asked to resign. He did so, and is now an ordinary Conservative private member, with, therefore, greater freedom of action than he could possibly claim before. We admire independence, but neither Mr. Beaumont nor anyone else can expect to combine it with office, and he would have been still better advised if he had resigned before being asked to do so.

**

A recent will in which the testator left instructions for a very modest burial, because he was convinced that a great deal of money is wasted on expensive funerals, raises the question of rights or wrongs in such intimate affairs.

Whose Business?

Apart from legal obligations or binding dispositions, has any living person any moral right to leave directions about the disposal of what is left

of himself? Cremation or burial, sea-scattered remains or urn, this, that or the other—these things concern us no more when we are dead. They do concern those who are left, who may care for us and our memory, who may be shocked, grieved, or inconvenienced by our own whims. Why not leave it all to them?

**

Last year the need for a serious overhaul in the cost to parents of any leading public school of the boarding house type was pressed on governing bodies in these columns. Our forecast of an urgent crisis was vigorously denied and decried. But facts tell. Even Eton is 100 down: and a 10 per cent. "cut" is general. Something beyond a cheese-paring economy in suppressing for 30 boys out of 600 a few shillings on a rugger-cap is a financial necessity now. Modern taxation, present-day earnings and income conscribe the field of new boys in the upper classes. And the educational fanatics now engaged on their campaign against the '31-'32 cuts in State education grants might pause to consider the reason for the absence of sympathy.

**

Doubt can no longer exist that the problem of relations between Yugoslavia and Italy, to which allusion was recently made in these columns, may easily develop into a vital menace to the peace of Europe. Demonstrations have occurred in both countries that, being authorised or at least permitted by the authorities, must be regarded as serious. A broadcast from Rome some days ago was couched in inflammatory terms. The Duce himself in addressing a public meeting on the subject waved a handkerchief woven with the Dalmation colours. According to a Paris report worthy of credence, in talking with a number of important French political persons, last month, Signor Mussolini emphasised the necessity of changes in the map of Europe and spoke of Italy as the proper successor to the Austro-Hungarian empire.

A Neurotic Point

In these circumstances it is not surprising that the Little Entente—Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Roumania—should be seriously discussing the bearings of Italian policy, or that the first of the three, as most directly concerned, should be organising groups of defence on its frontiers. The close connection between Italy and Albania and the predominance of the former's fleet in the Adriatic cannot be overlooked in Belgrade. Nor should they be in the rest of the world, if we wish to avoid trouble.

In the Bigorre district of Gascony stands a château that belonged to a lady unknown indeed to fame but mother of a most famous man, to wit d'Artagnan, who began life as a penniless cadet and ended it Captain of the Musketeers. D'Artagnan was an important man in the age of Louis XIV., but much more so in that of Louis Philippe when he provided Alexandre Dumas with his finest subject.

Now would it have been credible a few years ago that the château where d'Artagnan was bred should have been put up for sale and find no bidders? Hundreds of eager Americans would have competed at that auction. Now, alas, the château was put up, and withdrawn. Could anything be more eloquent of the acuteness of this slump?

**

Against the red clouds of sunrise, a vast oblong block of masonry stands, massively material, like a sempiternal Egyptian pyramid.

A Temple to the Unknown Nothing less solid could check that unearthly horizontal light; it seems a temple to the god of Earth,

the enemy of light. From its bulk there rise two gigantic columns, which aspire to scale the sky. The lords of the underworld are challenging again the gods of heaven. One column soars clear and clean against the brilliant East; the other is strangely girt with subtle tracery. Only the worship of some dark and unknown god could have inspired that terrific temple which breaks the horizon here and there with gigantic skeletons.

One rubs one's eyes on Chelsea Bridge and sees that it is only the unfinished Battersea Power Station with its cranes and two tall chimneys, one of which is still swathed with graceful scaffolding.

**

At the tail-end of a season, or half-season, that has held out many delights, writes Mr. Herbert Hughes, came the recital of Hugh Campbell and Harold Craxton at Grotian Hall. An Hour of Christmas and Cheerful Music they called it. It was well-named. These two artists have a happy knack of producing from their respective libraries unhackneyed music of the most delightful kind, and presenting it in such a way that an hour-and-a-half passes in a twinkling. Mr. Craxton, whose historic sense is not the least of his qualities, enchanted his audience with little pieces by Arne, Eccles and Boyce among others. Mr. Campbell, whose diction in German and French is no less perfect than it is in English and Scots, exercised a similar enchantment with such things as the lovely *Zu Bethelhem geboren*, the *Voici Noël* (of Weckerlin), the *Noël Alsacien* (of Tiersot) and the tongue-twisting *Twelve Days of Christmas* (arranged by Frederic Austin). A part-

nership such as this, demonstrated in this intimate fashion, is a thing to be noted and remembered.

**

Dr. Harold Rugg, who is a professor at Columbia University, has just been advancing an extremely attractive proposition. It is that with the full utilisation of the world's machines and inventions, plus the "proper handling" of production and distribution, everybody, by working twelve hours a week, would be able to enjoy a £5,000-a-year standard of living. A very charming prospect. But what about those who would undoubtedly prefer a £2,500 standard for a six-hour week, or, alternatively, those others who would choose to work twenty-four hours and have a £10,000 standard. And presumably the plan would include the few odd millions of Chinese, Indians, Russians and others. We know there are not supposed to be any flies on a professor. But—

**

HANDS OFF THE COLLAR-STUD!

[A new invention of rubber strips for fastening men's collars will do away with the use of studs.—Weekly paper.]

The little piece of news printed at the head of this verse

Could scarcely be worse,
Although most people will read it without apprehension

Merely seeing in it a rather clever invention.

To the high-brow and the scholar

The little back stud to which we attach our collar

Is just a daily irritation,

Which we as a nation

Have so far patiently put up with simply because

There was

Until to-day

No other practicable way.

I am however quite serious when I maintain

(And I assure you I have nothing to gain)

That this rubber strip affair ought never to have been invented,

And that to everybody concerned it should be represented

That this admittedly ingenious thing

Is almost bound to bring

Ruin in its trail

If it is put on sale.

For if the report is true and not merely a rumour,

It is the death-blow to a peculiar brand of British humour.

The lost collar-stud joke is undoubtedly one of the most hoary

In our rough island story

(Second only in popularity to that

Of the man who sits down inadvertently on his hat).

And the really serious issue (which there is no use trying to shirk)

Is that HUNDREDS OF RESPECTABLE HUMORISTS will be permanently thrown out of work!

W. HODGSON BURNET.

Cheerful Christmas Music

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

Is Public School Education Good ?

YES, By TOM BROWN, JUNR.

IT is the great virtue of the public school that it is essentially an English institution. Its method and purpose can never be transported abroad; for Arnold of Rugby created it with a view to the mass production of that type of man, which had in the reign of Queen Victoria become the English ideal. That ideal appears to have changed to some extent in our time and by degrees the public school system is changing with it.

The Frenchman does not aim high in his education. He is content to produce "l'homme moyen sensuel" in all his dangerous varieties. The Englishman on the other hand demands homogeneity. He finds no security in a too various world. Orthodoxy and stability can only be maintained if the majority of the leaders of the nation have been cast in the same mould. If they will not fit into the mould, it is far better for the commonwealth that they should be broken and done with.

Hence there follows a wise mistrust of brains and a certain discouragement of the critical intelligence. The acceptance of things as they are is the foundation of character. Moreover education is facilitated if deeds, not motives, are regarded as the criterion of life. Motives are flimsy incalculable things, but good form and the code are a concrete and ever-present guide. After all, what is the object of education except success? Until the war the public school was the surest road to that moderate success which could be shared up among the greatest number of those able to pay for that education.

Some sacrifice is necessary in all great designs and the country can contemplate with equanimity the failure and disappearance of boys gifted with an excess of imagination or dilettante ability. The one drawback to the system is that they do not always disappear. They react so violently against the pressure applied to turn them into decent citizens that they sometimes become dangerous rebels. It would be better for the State if such boys were deprived of the advantages of a public school and left to pick up somewhere abroad the semblance of an education.

Compulsory games have been the main factor in the creation of public school character. Leisure unrestrained is a temptation to the devil. The adolescent's brain buzzes with perilous questions to which no answers are immediately available; athletics keep him along that safe and neutral track from which respectable thought must not diverge. The compulsory watching of games accompanies compulsory playing: in cricket for instance nine out of 22 are always watching. It is clear that game-watching will take a vast extension in the future. Machines are enforcing on the world more and more leisure: the mass of the population cannot spend the whole day in the cinema. The modern equivalent of the Roman "circenses" can alone keep the people in that state of contentment on which our civilisation is built.

NO, By G. CAMERON.

IT depends on what one calls "good." If to be endowed with an artificial code of honour, not less liable to fracture than any other code, to be trained in a tradition which is choked with compromise and inconsistency, to be taught to dislike certain ways of speech and to prefer particular fads of dress, manners, and thought is to find the "good" in life, why, well and good.

But if something more is needed, if something more is meant by education then no advantage will come out of a public school; no advantage that cannot be paralleled or bettered elsewhere.

If education be learning, what then? Certainly any of the great public schools is capable of supplying an education, ancient or modern, that is absolutely first-class. But to get it the boy must have himself an urge to work which belongs to few wholesome and natural boys. If he wants to slack, every temptation to idleness is thrust in front of him. The code which is being ground into him does not approve highly of "saps" or "swotting." The average master, a rather disillusioned and cynical person, doesn't want to be bothered with pedestrian brains or idle apprentices. There are a hundred distractions and, even if the boy does want to work and learn, an enormous amount of time has to be devoted to physical diversions wielding that fascination which grows by what it feeds on. Learning is more certainly and more easily to be sought outside the fields and buildings of a public school.

Then is education the job of fitting a boy to wrest a livelihood from a reluctant world, to make money, earn renown, and contribute something to the steady disciplined virtues of our English race? That can be done better without the interference of a public school. The time is no longer in which some kind of aristocracy, either of birth or brains or both, had the right to expect some favour in the lists of life. The battle is to the strong, the young, the well-equipped, and chiefly—because they are more numerous and powerful—to the products of council school and lesser University or Correspondence College. Then, if you would save a son, choose the education which gives, which insists on practical training for the practical purposes of livelihood, which charges much less for it, and which omits entirely the embellishment of manners and the artificial regulation of conduct. The boy has to struggle in a world too full of men. Let him be made on their pattern, not with one moral hand tied behind a white-washed back.

The public school and a tie of many colours, an inconvenient code, an empty mind. No public school and no tie, no code, some learning aimed at practical ends. The choice is plain enough where, in this envious, unkind world the devil takes the hindmost.

It Is Something To Us

By The Saturday Reviewer

IT was a very long time ago when the oddest and perhaps the least credible story in the world began to be told. It has been told ever since, almost or actually every hour of every day, told in every tongue, language, dialect or jargon that is spoken anywhere in the world—told by poets and historians, champions and enemies, turned this way and that. And yet in all that time nothing has been added to the original yarn, nothing taken from it.

All that is queer, fascinating, impressive. So was the story. You remember it, or some of it, at all events? How a Jewish woman of the people called Mary was espoused to a carpenter called Joseph without, it seemed, any consummation of a marriage or any wish to consummate; and how Mary was told or dreamed or believed or foresaw that, lack of consummation notwithstanding, she was going to have a male child, who would be a very exceptional person, under the peculiar Providence of God, even—so it was said, hinted, dreamed, foretold—the very substance of God who planted the child in Mary's womb.

A very odd story, of course. But, more oddly than the story, Joseph had neither anger nor suspicion nor even surprise. He believed all of it without any difficulty. And the child was born and he was called Jesus—to which the word Christ was added later. And very remarkable things happened in and around Jerusalem by, through, with and to Him—all of them reasonably attested facts of historical foundation, on which the followers or fanatics who had banded themselves together placed their own interpretation. At all events, there was a very mean betrayal, a very scandalous trial before a Roman governor thoroughly reluctant to convict or sentence, a crucifixion only permitted in order to buy off local resentment and possible risings against Roman rule, with all the subsequent gloss or history of miracles, appearances, and a resurrection for which the disappearance, by theft or magic, of the body gave some fashion of evidence.

A very, very odd story as told, with painstaking fidelity of one text to another, in the gospels of which the earliest dated back to personal remembrance of events. But, more oddly than the story, this particular fantasy—or fact—has alone triumphed where all the other myths and legends of similar origin have weakened; and has not only survived but has captured the mind, ruled the heart, inspired the laws, and moulded the destinies of all the Western world from that day to this—yes, to this very day of aeroplanes and wireless and Einstein and Jeans and Voronoff in which its essential truth is still quite generally accepted.

"Quite generally accepted"—yes, I believe that to be true. But accepted in how much? With what reservations? That is only less important than the general fact of a loose kind of acceptance.

Because, of course, all these things, beyond their bearing on conduct and character, concern what is—if it is—not temporal but eternal; because, if we accept any of it, we are convinced that when we die there is no end of us, but some strange unfathomable continuance or beginning. And that, which includes death, is more important than anything else in life.

You can say, and not be very wrong, that a belief in God is what really matters. Yet, obviously, if one could or can believe utterly—not by hope or the momentary exaltation of spirit or by some form of emotional frenzy—in the whole of the Gospel story, that must matter much more. And if one can't do all that, what is enough to make a tremendous lot of difference? The Virgin birth—does that really matter, outside the science of theology, more than the reservation of the Sacrament? The Divinity of Christ or the degree of Divinity or the precise meaning of Divinity in this personal case—does that matter much more than the infallibility of the Pope or the Apostolic succession or any of the issues which keep one Christian Church at loggerheads with another Christian Church? The Resurrection—ah, that matters a great deal. But does it matter more than the brawls and strife between Anglo-Catholic and Evangelical whether the Resurrection be regarded as one of spirit or body, or whether Holy Communion be felt as an actual Sacrament or rather as an act of humble remembrance and concentration in the sort of thought which is and can alone be prayer?

For my part, I do not believe that these things do matter at all disastrously. If you can believe all or much, you are so much more happy and contented. If you can only believe little, you are that much nearer to peace but still searching and striving in your mind. If you believe anything, life cannot be a mockery and death a jest, however unbearable the one or inconvenient the other.

But if you cannot believe at all, what then? Why, if you cannot believe at all, God help and Christ save you—in neither of whom you can believe.

Cards and Calendars

If you want a gift which is not only applicable to Christmas but to any time or season of giving you will find some particularly beautiful leaves reproduced from illuminated books of devotion and MSS. printed by order of the Trustees and sold at the British Museum. The leaves in themselves are invariably exquisite and their reproduction is a triumph of colour and finish.

A varied, amusing and attractive collection of more customary Christmas cards and calendars has also come to us from Messrs. Faulkner. The wide range of subject and the charming method of treatment add greatly to the value of this series.

A PRINCE OF WINE-LOVERS

BY H. WARNER ALLEN.

THE free-masonry of wine knows neither rules nor respect of persons. For wine breeds fellowship, and wine lovers are brothers all the world over. A month or two ago I dropped into Arbois in the Jura, knowing not a soul, and within twelve hours I was free of that ancient town, only dismayed by a hospitality which I could not possibly return, just because I had come there to taste the wines which had been the material of Pasteur's experiments. In the freedom of wine, there are Princes who bestow on their friends aesthetic pleasures such as those who dream of cocktails can never know, and all the recompense they claim is gratitude and a sense of appreciation.

Among such Princes, C. W. Berry holds a place of his own; for his whole life bears witness to the nobility of wine. I am tempted to divide him into two, Charles Berry and Walter Berry. Charles is an adventurer of the old school, an Elizabethan worthy, who has never known fear and asks nothing better than death in a blaze of glory. No risk is too mad for him to take. He is accustomed to landing from a sausage balloon on his head, to finding himself afloat in the North Sea precariously attached to the remains of a spherical balloon and flying in an ancient aeroplane tied up with string over a Moorish battlefield.

Shame on you, Walter!

Walter on the other hand does know fear: he is afraid of bad wine and meanly takes refuge when he is faced with it behind a soda water bottle with which he drowns it. On the other hand, his generosity is boundless, and, as soon as a bottle of the rarest vintage comes into his possession, he has no peace until he has gathered his friends together and given them their share.

A book by such a wine-lover must always be an event. "A Miscellany of Wine" (Constable, 3s. 6d.) will be the joy of everyone who really knows and loves good wine. I cannot pretend to be an impartial judge, for I owe to him more than to anyone such knowledge of wines as I possess. In the first sketch, "A Birthday Party," he writes of a symposium at which Raven-Hill of *Punch* and I celebrated our joint birthdays, but he omits the confession that the quite marvellous wines, including 1864 Lafite and 1834 Tokay Essence, to say nothing of a rare 1858 Grande Fine Champagne, were his gift.

In describing the cellar of the Château de Bois Renard, Mr. Berry writes: "Château Châlon 1865 was more than I could understand; an extraordinary wine." To this remark I should like to add a footnote; for it was precisely to make acquaintance with this wine that I went to the Jura the other day. It shares with Sherry the peculiarity of owing its special quality to a second fermentation due apparently not to the ordinary ferments but to the "mycoderma vini," which is deleterious in the case of most wines.

A MOTHER'S SON

A VERSE FOR CHRISTMAS

The messenger of God appeared
And told the Babe to be,
And Mary then was greatly feared,
Bewildered too was she;
But still the soul within her soared
Towards the Babe who thus began
In her, who did not know a man—
And Mary said "O Lord."

The Babe was born as it was told,
—It might have been to-day—
She gave him shelter from the cold,
And suck amid the hay;
She saw the Frankincense outpoured,
She watched the shepherds and the Kings,
She could not understand these things,
So still she said "O Lord."

The Babe in course became the man,
And Mother love is dear,
So Mary's heart in triumph ran,
Or it was sick with fear . . .
And then St. Peter drew the sword,
And then they trapped and took her son,
And half the awful deed was done,
And Mary said "O Lord."

She watched him hang upon a cross,
And still her tears were dry;
In agony of grief and loss
What shall a Mother cry? . . .
The Veil was rent, the Heavens roared,
What died upon man's wooden toy?
And Mary, crying "My little boy,"
Cried also "Son and Lord."

* * *
Mary, who wondered, laughed, and cried
(O, listen when we call)
Your God had come, your Baby died,
So when we too are crucified
Be Mother to us all.

GUY C. POLLOCK.

It is at least suggestive that the Arbois district, that part of Franche Comté in which Château Châlon is made, preserves many traces of the Spanish domination. I tasted there a Château Châlon of 1856, perfectly sound, which deserved Mr. Berry's epithet of "extraordinary," very dry with the nasturtium taste of an old Sherry, yet oddly different from the Jerez wines owing to the absence of fortification.

I hope to return more fully to these interesting Arbois wines in a later issue of the *Saturday Review*.

Wine-lovers will find a store of knowledge in this little book and many a good story about their favourite wines, and Mr. Berry's "Maxims" should be written in gold and posted up in every place where good wine is drunk or sold.

Music and Musicians By Herbert Hughes

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM'S latest and most vivid interpretation of *Messiah*, performed by the Philharmonic last week, indicated two things in striking contrast. One was his own magical effect upon the assembled chorus and orchestra, leading them on to almost superhuman achievements; the other was the comparatively low order of artistic intelligence displayed by the solo singers. With the one exception of the bass, Mr. William Parsons—a young singer who was, I think, making his first appearance in this august company—the vocalists sang throughout with what was uncommonly like indifference to the meaning of the words they were there to enunciate. It might have been Bradshaw rather than the Bible they were vocalising; Bradshaw, indeed, would have deserved better treatment, for does it not, too, enshrine the eternal verities? (Think of the poetry, implicit and explicit, in the Flying Scotsman, the Cornish Riviera Express, the Golden Arrow, the 10 o'clock that will take you most of the way to St. Anthony-in-Roseland, the 12.50 that will take you all the way to Hammersmith.)

In all that the astonishing Handel ever wrote there is nothing more poignantly beautiful than his music to the recitative *Thy rebuke hath broken his heart: he is full of heaviness. He looked for some to have pity on him, but there was no man; neither found he any to comfort him.* He chose these from Psalm 69 and followed it with the equally moving excerpt from Lamentations, which he treated as an Aria: *Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.* This Aria is one of the shortest in the work, a mere fifteen bars; but into those fifteen bars Handel put music the like of which is not written to-day. The artist in him decided that another bar would have spoiled it, and he ended it on the chord of the dominant, not because it would lead naturally into the succeeding recitation—the mood is definitely broken by the quotation from Isaiah which follows—but simply because the music took him there. I wonder if the tenor soloist ever stopped to think about these words and this music? Would he have sung it so loudly if he had? The soprano and contralto singers were guilty of similar solecisms, making the whole performance, as I have suggested, a thing of unfortunate contrasts. One writhed in one's seat when the contralto, for example, in the phrase... *and gently lead those that are with young*, all intent upon her precious vocal tone, sang a loud *crescendo* on the word *young*. Does she know why she sang a *crescendo* just there? Has she ever asked herself precisely what these words mean, and whether it is seemly to fill the Queen's Hall with vibrations of this kind?

Impudence and Genius

This is no cavilling matter. It is one in which the artist must be concerned. For a long time the oratorio soloist has been a bye-word. Fastidious

listeners have avoided performances of *Messiah* and *Elijah* as they would avoid the plague, for the simple reason that the renderings had become so badly standardised that the music was left out. Three or four years ago Beecham rediscovered *Messiah* for us. We knew the work had been maligned by every society in England. With that mixture of impudence and genius which is his he overthrew all our sacred traditions and humbug and revealed the tremendous, the colossal vitality which was Handel's. Generally he remained faithful enough to the text, but occasionally he would drive a chorus at a speed that suggested the man sprinting for that 12.50 for Hammersmith. His acceleration of the final bars of *Hallelujah* the other evening was unorthodox, but it had the sort of excitement that knocked the conventions sideways and justified itself dramatically.

Would that our solo singers had the courage to approach such a work as *Messiah* with something like the same independence, to shed the bad old conventions they have inherited or think they have inherited from generations of mediocrities. I am loth to believe that solo singing in oratorio throughout the spacious Victorian days was always so bad as it can be to-day. Albani, Evangeline Florence, Patey, Edward Lloyd, Santley, Andrew Black, Ffrangem Davies—these were some of the singers I listened to in my boyhood and later. Their successors are elusive; some, like Easton, Eva Turner and Sheridan, have devoted themselves to international opera; others are generally somewhere else when they are wanted. Could we produce more than two quartets of singers to-day able to sing these recitatives and arias in *Messiah* intelligently, doing equal honour to words and music? I doubt it. In the aforesaid Mr. Parsons we have at least one singer of the younger generation with the right sort of equipment for work of this high calibre.

A Great Performance

At Queen's Hall on Sunday afternoon Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra once more gave us superb performances. Huberman was the star violinist, and his playing in the Bach Concerto No. 1, in A minor, was musicianly and in its way excellent. A more dominating personality would have made more effect in collaboration with such a body of string players. (I did not hear the Mozart Concerto which followed.) What that body of players can do was underlined in the brilliant excerpt from *Solomon*—the music which accompanies the entrance of the Queen of Sheba. Here, with two oboes going strong, the speed, the accuracy, the whole *ensemble* held the most hardened concert-goer breathless. This was *virtuoso* orchestral playing of the highest kind, and one came away saying that here, at last, is an English band that Toscanini himself would delight in.

THEATRE By JOHN POLLOCK

Arts Theatre Club. Silver Wedding. By Ruby M. Ayres.

IN what does playwriting differ from the writing of novels? Answering on the spur of the moment many people would doubtless say, In the fact that a novel is written in narrative form and a play in dialogue. Reflexion will prove this a fallacy. That part of a novel may be in dialogue without approaching a dramatic effect is proved by the immortal chapter in dialogue in *The Newcomes*; and there is no reason why a whole novel should not be so written, save that the method would cut off the novelist from the use of his habitual weapons of description and disquisition. A perfectly good, if short, play has been written containing no more than three words: if pantomime be admitted as drama, none need be required at all.

Doubtless more than one essential difference between novel and drama exists; but one is certainly that a novel deals with the past, whereas a play is wholly in the present. In a play, what has happened in the past is only of value in so far as it bears directly on what goes on before our eyes. In a novel, everything is past; in a play the present is all.

Failure to observe this principle has led equally to the failure of Miss Ruby M. Ayres to write a genuine play. *Silver Wedding* is a novel in three parts, labelled acts, and the narrative thrown into conversation. Her inspiration is memory and her three acts might be called:—I, Do you remember? II, Don't I remember? III, Must you remember? She has, perhaps, been deceived by the example of Mr. Monckton Hoffe's brilliant *Many Waters* or the "cut-backs" in *Road House* and in Mr. Somerset Maugham's *The Letter*. But in these cases the past relives in the present: with Miss Ruby M. Ayres they are severed one from another, and we are left with dead bones where craving for the living flesh.

For their silver wedding the Hollands have invited to dine as many of the people they could catch who were present at the wedding itself: the parson, three bridesmaids and the husbands of those since wedded, the page, and—as a surprise packet—the best man, round whom we learn that much mystery circles. All, we feel, is not what it seems. Beneath the surface passion slumbers. But in the second act, in which the action harks back to twenty-five years earlier, appetite flags, and even the ripple of the bright first act loses its shimmer. To get her action going at all the author has to assume that feelings remain at a constant level over a long series of years, despite absence and distance.

That this might be so is true; but as an assumption not based on the particular character of the persons involved it is, frankly, incredible, and the action springing from it loses interest. So true is this that Miss Ayres, returning in Act III to the present time, is seemingly deterred from imagining any action at all and ends her play, as it began,

with a mere recognition that things are not all they seem. For this to be drama, it must be shown in movement: dynamically, not statically. Instead, the passion that we detected slumbering goes definitely to sleep and is put to bed.

Westminster. Alice and Thomas and Jane. By Vera Beringer.

No grown-up who does not revel in plays for children should be allowed to see any others. That is certain. It is also certain that no children will enjoy a play fitted for their comprehension which cannot attract the child in us that never dies. Therefore Miss Vera Beringer has done well to call *Alice and Thomas and Jane* "a play for children and their parents." So excellently has she succeeded that at the first performance it seemed doubtful who was enjoying her show the more, the many children or the equal number of grown-ups in the audience. She has not made the mistake of writing down to her juvenile public, for clever, even witty, lines are scattered up and down the dialogue like the sparkle of Christmas snow. Still better, *Alice and Thomas and Jane*, three kids as jolly as they are true, stepping from the pages of Miss Enid Bagnold's book of the same name, are now put into a truly thrilling plot in the course of which they chase a spy who has stolen their father's secret new airplane plans, follow him to Dieppe, and there, after adventures worthy of *Bulldog Drummond*, recover the papers and bring them home in triumph. How a performing bear and a surgical operation—ye gods, what an operation!—assist them, must be seen to be believed, and will be seen and revelled in by thousands, young and old. Miss Beringer's play is easily among the best of Christmas fare of recent years.

Other highly commendable plays for the season are "Buckie's Bears," revived at the Garrick, and that great favourite, Mr. Ian Hay's "The Sport of Kings," at the Embassy. After the first performance of the former (which is for tiny tots) the author, aged 8, made the best author's speech on record. Master Buffkin's words were: "I'm glad you liked the play. I hope you liked it better than last year." By every indication this hope will be crowned with success. Yet another is that deathless gem, "Alice in Wonderland," produced with great charm and spirit at the Little by Miss Nancy Price and her People's National Theatre.

Entertainments

ACADEMY CINEMA

Oxford Street (Opp. Warings) Gerrard 2981

Special Christmas Presentation
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25th

Pabst's magnificent fantasy

"ATLANTIDE"

With Brigitte Helm

QUEEN'S THEATRE

(Gerrard 4517)

LAST TWO WEEKS

Evenings at 8.30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
Extra Matinee Boxing Day at 2.30.

EVENSONG

By Edward Knoblock & Beverley Nichols

EDITH EVANS Violet Vanbrugh Wilfrid Lawson
Monday, Jan. 2. "FOR SERVICES RENDERED."

The Psychology of Magic

By Israel Regardie

[The letter from an eminent Psychologist published a fortnight ago suggested that it is an anachronism to deal with Magic in the spirit of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, as the Student of Life wrote of Mr. Regardie's "Tree of Life." In the following article Mr. Regardie explains the relation of Magic to modern Science]

BORN of the same parents, weaned upon the same milk of high aspiration, living in close conjunction one with the other, Magic and Mysticism are spiritual twins; one may almost denominate them Siamese twins, since they are of one body, differing solely in their extremities. The differentiation insisted upon in your article "The Way of Madness" is wholly false and unjustified. It was to eliminate this confusion that "The Tree of Life" came to be written. To the writer it has ever been a source of regret that these techniques should be so sternly divided; to the way of Contemplation all honour and glory being given, whilst Magic was humbled most ungraciously in dust and mire, and considered an odious and obnoxious thing. Both systems, primarily, are techniques whose object is the discovery of a deep, hidden centre of perception and inspiration.

Thrones and Dominations

Gods, Angels and Spirits—concepts which have caused much ribald merriment, are by definition "ideas" of varying degrees of significance, vitality, complexity and spirituality, functioning in some particular strata of the mind. Within our consciousness reside subjectively every universal power, force and influence, and the magical "invocation of a Spirit," for instance, denotes simply the calling forth of some particular idea or complex of ideas existing in the dark unplumbed places of the Subconscious. This interpretation resolves Magic into a highly elaborate system of investigation of the mind, enabling the individual at will to penetrate the manifold layers of experience and perception, to disclose binding and underlying them, a real dynamic Self—an autonomous, eternal centre of consciousness, energy and wisdom.

With the publication of Qabalistic fundamentals, it was hoped that psychologists might perceive numerous advantages, the product of several centuries of careful research, and adapt that experience to present-day needs. Terminology, apparently, has been the stumbling-block, although comparison of nomenclature itself is no arduous task. The Freudian hypothesis finds its appropriate place in Magic; as does also that of Jung. When placed in perspective, which the synthesis of Qabalistic schema enables us to do, these two systems are seen to be merely parts of a system which experientially demonstrates an inner entity of tremendous power and possibility, the repression of which is the root cause of so much conflict.

The *Ruach* is none other than the conscious

rational self; the *Nephesch* but another term for that vast subterranean stream of overflowing vitality, emotion, and dynamic image of past experience, functioning imperiously though unperceived beneath the level of normal awareness. In Magic, we have a concept not yet known in academic realms—a degree of consciousness which, in opposition to the Subconscious, lies *above* the Conscious, consisting of spontaneous intuitions, the finer emotions, the poetic and creative faculties, and that rare faculty of discrimination. From this *Neschamah* or Superconsciousness, flows inspiration, ecstasy and wisdom. All three, however, are but aspects of the reality of the Self, one comprehensive and wide consciousness.

Magically, the physical body is the vehicle of consciousness, and the brain—the organ of perception, sensation and co-ordination—is, in a sense, the telephone exchange of the nervous system. But it is only one of the focal points where the Self touches the body, the others being the ductless glands of the endocrine system. These are named the *Chakras*, which pour into the bloodstream energy, hormones and other chemicals in balanced proportions. Maladjustment of these *Chakras* produces profound changes in metabolism, and consequently in personality, inasmuch as the power of the Self to act through the body is aided or hampered according to the glandular changes produced.

Living in the Symbol

The major theurgic practice to which objections may be made is "externalisation" of ideas, images and phantasies. All symbols, images and phantasies, when projected from the Magician, must be re-absorbed when their particular usefulness is ended. Where you have the individual who is unable to absorb his projections and is dominated by them, there you have a pathological case—insanity. It sometimes occur that some of these "astral" projections acquire independent power and vitality through externalisation, and to render the absorption more facile certain technical devices may occasionally have to be resorted to. Generally speaking, externalisation is a normal, healthy practice, when internalisation is also realised. The sole necessity is training of the "king" faculties, Will and Imagination, which proceeds along strictly psychological and commonsense lines.

Highly amusing remarks which concern the so-called barbarous words cannot be answered adequately in a few words. Nevertheless these words which have "a power ineffable in the sacred rites" do exert an indubitable exalting influence upon the imagination, and in "The Tree of Life" the writer gave specific instances. In various of the verses of Swinburne, and other poets, are lines which, while without logical or emotional significance, yet possess a subtle witchery, a strange enthusiasm, and a delicious rhythm which communicates itself to the soul.

SHORT STORY

The Five Days' Terror

By P. K. Kemp

THAT was what the papers called it—the Five Days' Terror. And it was by no means an overstatement for the whole of the huge city of London was paralysed by an event which surpassed in conception the horror of any nightmare.

It came to light afterwards that the whole responsibility for the affair rested upon one man. He was employed at the Zoo as a keeper and apparently his love for the charges under his care had been outraged by the sight of their suffering and impotence behind the bars of their cages. Unable to stand it any longer, he chose one night when he was on duty and went systematically round the cages liberating the animals. Then, confident that there was no bar left between them and freedom, he walked out into Regent's Park.

The alarm was given about half an hour later by a constable in Baker Street. P.C. Edwards, who was conducting a bored examination of area doors, was astonished on looking up to see what he took to be a camel walking down the centre of the street.

He rubbed his eyes and looked again, but the apparition was still there. Glancing apprehensively up and down the street and seeing that no one was in sight, he picked an empty soup tin out of one of the dustbins and threw it after the retreating animal, half expecting it to disappear and prove itself to be a hallucination. The tin bounced noisily down the street and the camel, turning its head nervously at the sound, broke into a canter. P.C. Edwards made a dash to the nearest call box.

"Police," he shouted into the receiver.

He heard the connection being put through.

"Marylebone Police Station," the instrument answered. He recognised the sergeant's voice.

"Camel," he gasped.

"What?"

"Camel."

Through the glass door of the call box he saw a hippopotamus amble down the street.

"Gawd," he whispered into the telephone.

"A hipper—, hipper—" The word eluded him. "What do you want?" asked the sergeant with some asperity.

"Hippersauras," answered P.C. Edwards, getting a little muddled. "That's what it is."

A baboon peered in at him through the glass door.

"Help," he shouted. "It's a monkey. Standin' at the door. Shakin' it."

"Who are you?" demanded the telephone.

"You must be drunk."

The accusation stung the constable into coherency.

"P.C. Edwards, sir," he answered. "From a call box in Baker Street. There's a monkey shaking the door."

He turned again to verify the fact, but the baboon had disappeared. Its place was occupied by an elephant whose little eyes glared in anger at the constable and whose trunk waved menacingly.

"Elephant," he shouted into the receiver. "Elephant—, Elephant—." Hysteria seized him. "Elephants to ride upon," he sang hoarsely, "my little I—." The remainder of his words were drowned as the elephant, with one heave of his trunk, picked up the call box bodily and dashed it onto the pavement.

And so the Terror descended on London. The prowling beasts struck panic into the hearts of the masses so that the whole of the normal routine of the city was at a standstill. Tragedy mingled with comedy in the events which were crowded into those hectic five days and one can pick out but isolated cases from a whole which teemed with incidents worthy of narration.

There was the story of Mr. Ellsworth, for instance. He was an assistant editor of the *Daily Echo* and was one of the first to realise the magnitude of the invasion. He knew a "scoop" when he saw one and he recognised in this a shattering message to be broadcast, an immediate sale of many millions of copies and, incidentally, a small fortune to himself. Luck was with him at the start, too, for when he arrived at the offices of the *Daily Echo* he found a compositor and three machine hands still on the premises after working the night shift.

In the absence of superiors he assumed complete responsibility. With a facility acquired by many years' experience, he wrote the copy for the story, colouring it with startling and vivid metaphors and similes. He handed it over to the compositor and issued his orders.

"Single page issue. Use a forty-eight point headline. Run off every sheet of paper you've got."

"Every sheet, sir? We've got nearly a fortnight's supply in the building."

"Every sheet," replied Mr. Ellsworth, decisively.

He picked up the telephone and gave a number.

"Is that National Aero Services?" he asked.

"Yes."

"*Daily Echo* speaking. I want to charter every 'plane you've got."

"The whole six hundred?"

"Every single one of them."

"It'll cost you some thousands."

"Never mind the cost."

"Very well, sir. I'll reserve them all for you. Can you give me any details?"

Mr. Ellsworth gave the details. The 'planes were to cover the country and distribute bulk supplies of the *Daily Echo* to every town of over ten thousand inhabitants.

Similar 'phone calls secured the services of every motor hire company in London. Mr. Ellsworth leaned back in his chair and rubbed his hands with an appreciative smile. His organisation was complete and it needed now but the actual copies to put into operation what he reckoned was going to prove the biggest adventure that journalism had ever known.

Inside the *Daily Echo* office the big rotary printing machines hummed. Copies were piling up at the rate of hundreds of thousands an hour and Mr. Ellsworth watched the stacks growing with a satisfaction that outpaced even the production.

At last the crucial moment arrived.

"Send 'em out," ordered Mr. Ellsworth, with a magnificent gesture.

The four sweating machinists looked at him.

"How?" asked one of them.

Mr. Ellsworth gasped. It was the one point he had overlooked.

"They've got to go," he said, "even if I have to take them myself."

He seized a bundle and made for the doorway. Outside the street was deserted.

"Special Edition," bawled Mr. Ellsworth to the empty air. A sharp bark behind him was the only response he received. Looking round, he saw a grey wolf, lean and hungry, advancing towards him with loping trot. The wolf barked again and quickened his pace. But Mr. Ellsworth did not wait. He sprang back into the *Daily Echo* office, slamming the doors behind him. Safe inside, the enormous piles seemed to mock him with their uselessness. He dropped the bundle he was carrying and walked brokenly to his room. The machines were still thundering out their message but he took no notice of them.

Late that night the compositor knocked on Mr. Ellsworth's door. He found him sitting there, his head pillowed on his arms. He looked up with a haggard expression.

"I've run off all the paper, sir," the compositor reported. "It's made just over fourteen million copies."

* * *

In the meantime other events had been happening. A rhinoceros had charged a taxi in Piccadilly and a head-on collision had occurred in which the taxi had come off second best. The brute had been dazed and infuriated and seeing a human figure, had proceeded to charge that as well. Luckily, it proved to be a dummy in a shop window, but the impetus of the charge had carried the rhinoceros through the partitioning at the back and it found itself tangled up in rolls of material in a large departmental store. Blinded by the cloth which had wound itself round the animal's head, it went berserk and tore madly up and down the aisles while the terrified customers and shop assistants stood precariously on the counters and screamed. The din was terrific.

There was also the case of the East India Club. Over a morning whisky and soda, some nine or ten retired Army officers were exchanging reminiscences of tiger shooting.

"They're cowardly brutes really," one of them was saying. "If they see a man, they'll never attack him unless they're wounded or starving. Why, I remember meeting one in '92, or was it '93, up in Mysore and I only had a light stick in my hand. But I just took no notice, walked straight towards it and the brute ran off terrified."

"I remember bagging four in one day," said another of the group. "It was in one of the border provinces and I was shooting with the Maharajah. Let's see, it must have been in '88, when we had that border trouble. Anyrate, I knew the old boy was peeved with me because I got more than he did. But there was nothing in tiger shooting really, it was like money for old rope. The damned animals were too cowardly to give any real sport."

"It was rather a slaughter," agreed a third. "Still, it wasn't bad as things go. By Jove, what wouldn't I give to see a tiger walk into the room at this moment. Make some of the younger men look pretty silly, what?"

He looked round towards the doorway, and there, as though in answer to his request, a tiger stood, its head moving slowly as it scanned the room.

"My God," ejaculated the man, pointing. "Is that real?"

The others followed the direction of the pointing finger. The tiger, seeing the group, advanced towards them, padding softly across the thick carpet. It stopped for a moment before a magnificent skin stretched on the floor, and sniffed at it enquiringly. It lifted its head and snarled. The group of officers, terror-stricken, backed into a corner as the tiger, glaring at them with a malignant gleam in its eyes, continued its advance.

It was a page boy who turned the tables. Entering the room, he intoned in the sing-song voice peculiar to club pages:

"Colonel O'Gra-a-ady."

The tiger, apparently startled by this intrusion from an unexpected quarter, turned and trotted quietly from the room. The tension was lifted, and three of the officers fainted.

* * *

The roaming animals, finding their advance unchecked in any way, penetrated even to the fastnesses of London's Underground. There was a nasty scene at Piccadilly Circus, where an ascending escalator, carrying a full burden of passengers, was invaded from the top by an enormous boa-constrictor. It is true that the boa-constrictor experienced considerable difficulty in making any headway against the moving stairs, but this was more than counterbalanced by the impossibility of the people on the way up to turn and run against the direction in which the stairs were moving. In addition, the press of further travellers getting on at the bottom not only prevented any headway being made but actually blocked all movement, so that, slowly and relentlessly, a wild, scrambling and terrified mass of humanity was carried chaotically towards their apparent doom.

Again, at Leicester Square, the ticket collector at the lift gates was horrified to see a lion walk calmly into one of the lifts, which was already

three-quarters filled, prior to its downward journey. With admirable presence of mind, he slammed the gate shut and sent the lift down. The attendant at the bottom, when he saw what the lift contained, very wisely refused to open the gates, and sent the lift up again. Eight times it went up and down, neither of the attendants being willing to release the beast safely caged within, and then, finally, the cables fused and it remained suspended half-way with the lights out. The pandemonium inside the lift was impossible to describe.

There was a panic, too, on the Horse Guards' Parade when a grizzly bear joined the crowd which had assembled to witness the Changing of the Guard. No one was able to say definitely what it was that caused the bear to advance menacingly on the stationary line of soldiers, but it was ascribed to the fact that he probably recognised the fur of which the busbies were made. There was a wild rush by the crowd, which must have frightened the horses, for these latter broke rank and galloped madly away, adding to the confusion by their haste and their complete disregard of the assembled spectators. No one, of course, accused the Guards of cowardice, and it was pointed out afterwards at an official enquiry that they had all been anxious to remain and protect the assembled sight-seers, but had been completely unable to control their terrified horses.

* * * *

By lunch-time, the news had spread all over London, and the streets were deserted. The prowling beasts had taken complete possession of the town, and the parks, once thronged with men and women taking the air and with happy crowds of laughing children, were given up to the games of chattering monkeys, who swung with surprising agility from tree to tree.

Officialdom was some time in taking stock of the situation, but their measures were ruthless when eventually they did decide to take action. In vain did the Governors of the Zoological Gardens plead for an opportunity for their keepers to be allowed to make an attempt at enticement of the animals back to their normal home. The Government was adamant in its decision. They called out the troops and sent them round the streets to perform an evolution which was known in the Great War as "mopping-up." To the danger from the wild beasts was now added another terror, that of the flying bullets from the rifles and machine-guns. Windows were broken by the thousand, and a good many of the populace who had retired to comparative safety behind locked doors and shuttered windows, now ventured out into the streets again, where they could at least see where the danger was coming from. It made the work of the soldiers doubly difficult.

On the fifth day the "all-clear" was given, and London began to wear again her air of busy activity. Isolated cases were still reported from time to time which indicated that the terror was still not entirely removed, but they became fewer and fewer with the passage of the days. One form proved particularly pernicious, and that was the preying of an eagle on the Pekingese and Poms which were taking their daily exercise in the parks.

Its appearance was so sudden and its swooping dive so swift that none of the many marksmen who lay in wait for it daily succeeded in bringing it to earth. Not all of them tried very hard, since quite a few considered that its activity was fully justified so long as it concentrated on Pekingese and Poms.

With the return to normal activity, a hue and cry was raised for the keeper who had been responsible for loosing the animals upon the town. Public opinion was very strong in favour of his trial on a capital charge. But Fate sometimes has an ironic habit of circumventing the revenge of men on their fellows, and the keeper's body was eventually found, mauled and savaged by the very animals he had known and loved and to whom he had vouchsafed at least a temporary freedom.

IMPOSSIBLE?

Virgin Sinners. By Stanley Anderson. Cranney and Day. 7s. 6d. net.

STUDIES in fiction of the indeterminate sex fall as a rule into two classes: the revolting, like certain German plays, or the dreary, like "The Well of Loneliness." True, there are higher possibilities, as witness the degree touched by *La Prisonnière*, but these require an uncommonly sure touch. "Virgin Sinners" avoids the faults of the ordinary, but lacks the virtues of the latter extraordinarily gifted work. It deals with the loves of schoolboys and, while avoiding offence, suffers from the vice usual to almost all books about schoolboys, that the author, genuine as he is, has forgotten the precise nature of a boy's feelings. Even "Young Woodley," that achieved real success in this field, did not quite hit the mark; probably, indeed, it is impossible to hit. The reason for this, we may conjecture, is that a boy's serious feelings (including passion for either sex) do not stand out from his other experience, as they must be made to do by the novelist or playwright wishing to study them, but form part of a general whole in which a large variety of objects have the same emotional importance. A schoolboy, in other words, has no background, but only foreground in his experience, whereas his analyst in fiction must treat emotion, sexual emotion in particular, as projected against a background of different value. Subject to this criticism, Mr. Stanley Anderson tackles his subject with no little success, and arouses real interest in the personality of the various boys, portions of whose lives at school he subjects to the microscope. He avoids the pitfall of making them too introspective, since boys' introspection, seen from the outside, is usually over-done; therefore they are not priggish. On the other hand, both their psychology and Mr. Anderson's own style in depicting it are far too commonplace.

Only one perfect book about schoolboys has ever been written: "A Day of My Life." But then, Enby, its author, was a boy when he wrote it, and it contains nothing about sex or introspection or emotional complexes of any kind. For, as aforesaid, to boys these are things that matter no more, and possibly a good deal less, than the prospects of a game of football or of having sardines for tea.

NEW NOVELS

(REVIEWED BY ANNE ARMSTRONG)

Stamboul Train, by Graham Greene. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Mundy's Child, by Alice Lindley Philip Allan. 7s. 6d.

The Last Bouquet, by Majorie Bowen. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

Death of Felicity Taverner, by Mary Butts. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

Not All Joy, by Dermot Freyer. Elkin Mathews & Marrot. 7s. 6d.

The Red Hills, by Rhys Davies. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

"STAMBOUL TRAIN" is a modern novel for modern people and if you are a modern person and if you like modern novels and your fiction in snippets, why then you are in luck—but if you are none of these things I doubt very much that you will approve or appreciate Mr. Greene's novel.

It is "Grand Hotel" all over again, only in this case Mr. Greene has used a train instead of a hotel. The roaring of the great Constantinople express is heard and we board it, with the characters, at Ostend, and as the train roars along through two days and nights we are shown glimpses of this compartment and that carriage. We are sympathetic, strangely perhaps, with Coral Musker, a chorus girl, on her way to dance in a show at Constantinople. We are puzzled by Myatt, a rich Jew, on his way to buy up a currant merchant. And we are not surprised when these two, the poor little chorus girl and the rich Jew, decide to keep each other company in his first class sleeper. There is the slightly obscene woman journalist who is always drunk and always dirty; there is the political agitator that the woman journalist is anxious to interview; a burglar who has not one single redeeming feature in a nasty, cruel, malignant nature; and there are others.

Journey's End

It is clever, this building up of characters from the merest glimpses chosen for us by our author, and the cleverest thing of all is that by the end they are all very real people and their future (though I should love to hang that burglar) seemed very important. But the journey done, and Constantinople reached, it ends as suddenly and as irrevocably as journeys must always end—once more there is the roaring of a great train and the noise and the roar and the clatter of the Stamboul express fades away into the distance.

"Mundy's Child" is equally episodic, and we have to make what we can of a girl from the voluble letters which she writes to her godfather.

She must have been a vain girl, this Mundy's Child, because she does not hesitate to inform us of her prettiness, of her magnetism which ensures that every man she meets will fall in love with her (this is a real difficulty of course—if the only description of the heroine is to come from her own letters she must, I suppose, be vain); but vain girls are often the most attractive and Sookey was

as captivating a Bright Young Thing as you could hope or want to find. She started off her career (at least that is when the letters began) at Crownneria. There was a Navy Week and about half the British Navy fell in love with Sookey and her sister Toots. Then Sookey leaves Crownneria for a series of country house visits. She starts off at Inverlarry, and there enters the Hero. At least one imagines that he must be The Hero because Sookey and He are constantly bickering and he is quite impervious to her charms (he was only pretending, of course); and soon there come a few tender little passages and we are informed that The Hero has started to call her My Wisp, and when a man who is always rude to you starts calling you My Wisp, there is generally something in it. Of course Sookey gets into all sorts of Messes and Troubles and she has Adventures but The Hero keeps on calling her My Wisp.

It is a slight little story but most amusingly told and Miss Alice Lindley must be a brilliant letter-writer herself. If only we were all more like her what a delightful meal breakfast would be with the tearing and rending of envelopes and how the revenue of the Postmaster-General would soar! This would be a capital Christmas present at the last minute for all those difficult relations that you have forgotten.

About Unquiet Spirits

There are three kinds of ghost stories—the too-gruesome-clanking-chains-clammy-hand sort of story that is so full of weird noises and terrible things that the rest of the story is a sort of anticlimax: there is the story that goes winding on and on and all the horror is in the state of mind of the poor weak victim; and there is the third kind with just that suspicion of the occult that need not necessarily be ghostlike but which makes you shiver slightly; shiver and then—wonder.

Miss Marjorie Bowen's "The Last Bouquet" is like the third kind. The stories are subtle (except one or two and they are gruesome because of their fantastic weirdness) and the ghosts that go slipping through her pages don't carry their heads under their arms and there are no sounds of gurgling blood or weird cries that go shrieking throughout the night. But people died and because there was sadness or violence in their passing their souls were not laid at rest and were still visiting the world in their own guise—some in pity, some malevolently, some because they loved (and they brought happiness back with them) some because of frustration, others in revenge.

They are weird, these ghost stories of Miss Bowen's, and unless you want to spend a miserable, a sleepless night, when eyes will peer at you from the curtains, and soft things will move about your room and you will tremble, then be wise and forewarned and do not read them just before it is time to go to sleep.

It would be easier to say what Miss Mary Butts' novel is not than to describe what it is. There is little plot and perhaps even less descriptive writing but I can pay it no greater compliment than that having once begun it I could not put it down until it was finished.

Felicity Taverner is already dead and the shadow of a shade when the tale begins, but it is the reactions of her death upon those who loved her, or did not love her, that forms the entire theme. A suggestion of fear and of tragedy is felt from the beginning and grows steadily until the end. Fear as to the nature of the death of Felicity and tragedy because of the realisation by mother and brother that they have been the cause of great unhappiness.

Miss Butts indulges in some rather unnecessary obscurity of phrasing. "High Hat" rather than "High Brow" would best describe these lapses from her generally lucid prose; but she can, and does, make each character instinct with individuality—even to the unhappy shade who gives the title to a most interesting book.

In "Not All Joy" Mr. Dermot has collected short stories and sketches, and each of them is better than the last. His touch is delightfully sure and to a sensitive and vivid imagination he brings something of the calm detachment of the essayist.

I wish I could say as much of Mr. Rhys Davies' novel—"The Red Hills." He, too, is a writer deeply sensitive to beauty, and with a definite ability to commit his thoughts to paper. But, alas, he is so occupied, in "The Red Hills," with one aspect of beauty that he forgets all too soon her many facets and by continually harping on one theme wears it so thin as almost to disgust where he might have pleased.

In common with too many young writers of to-day Mr. Rhys Davies is sex obsessed, and is apt to forget that there are still people in the world who believe that there is more to man than his body.

And now for a criticism of myself. Always "verify your references." In reviewing Miss Storm Jameson's "Triumph of Time" a few weeks ago on this page a reference I made to Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith implied that she had ceased to publish novels. Actually she has published three books in the last three years. I am duly contrite.

TWO MURDER STORIES

Ben Sees It Through. J. Jefferson Farjeon. Collins. 7s. 6d.

The Secret of the Seven Spiders. By George Stanley. The Fenland Press. 7s. 6d. net.

THERE must be quite half a dozen murders, accomplished or attempted, in these two volumes. Mr. Farjeon's Ben will once more delight all readers, and especially members of the Crime Club whose book this is, by his adorable Cockney insouciance and nerve. You are always thinking him down and out, and he always bobs up again alive and kicking. In his case the mystery is not of much account, but we revel in Ben himself and in his indomitable pickpocket girl friend Molly Smith, caught with him in a web of blood and blackmail. In the case of the Seven Spiders the mystery is so heavy and erratic that the author's obvious enthusiasm is a trifle discounted. Really it is time that detective stories should cease to be based on secret passages and pivoting walls in modern London houses.

THIS ENGLAND

For Ever England. By Major-General The Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seely. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d. net.

THIS book is dedicated to "The Boys of England" and, on the whole, it is worthy of so fine a dedication. Let us have the criticism first. The book might have been a good deal better, a more worthy successor to "Fear and Be Slain." If General Seely had made it a little less sentimental—but then half the honest virtue would have gone out of it. If General Seely had been able to seize the opportunities he has made for himself and, with what is called a "punch," finished off in memorable phrases the stories, descriptions, passages which so often seem to end in rather trite sententiousness—but then General Seely would be a practical, technical journalist, and he could not have written the book at all.

With its obvious imperfections, this is a fine, sincere, and sustained attempt to translate in words the soul and heart of England and her people. It preaches optimism, fortitude, pride, and courage. These are no mean virtues and, as General Seely believes, they are pre-eminently the virtues of our English race. He hands on this belief and they will be none the worse as boys or men to whom it makes the conclusive appeal.

Not the least engaging or persuasive of his chapters is the first in which he tells us about the nightingale which sang day after day to fortify his mate on her nest in every pause of machine gun patter and gunfire on the Somme. He means of course to show us a parable and he does show it. But he cannot finish his parables and perhaps the boys to whom he also sings may be called on for too much of their imagination.

There are other notable chapters. There is a really wonderful account of the life of pilots and other seafaring men, vivid, real, and moving. And others. Pathetic stories of saintly parsons and heroic slum-dwellers and good men and bad men (very few bad men), of all the face and life of England in all its activities; stories of politicians, and even politicians show their best soul-sides to General Seely; conversations with Sir Ernest Cassell and Marshal Foch, each with a curiously prophetic air; this, that, and the other.

This is, quite frankly, a sentimental book and, perhaps inevitably, it "slops over" pretty often. That is, of course, a pity. A more cautious and fastidious restraint would have made a better job of it. But then this, in this author, would have taken from it some of the fire of feeling and enthusiasm, some of that passionate confidence in the spirit of England, in peace and strike and war, which is its substance, its ideal, and its appeal. Let us end by quoting the last words, well written of the man who in himself sums up what General Seely has to say.

"Through all these years Englishmen, whether at home or abroad, have been able to look to one man, brave, sagacious, impartial, kindly, sympathetic, modest—the King. Without him, the ship of State might well have foundered. With his help she will still bravely sail the seas."

MR. SQUIRE'S MUSE

A Face in Candlelight. By J. C. Squire. Heinemann. 5s. net.

WHEN a poet of some distinction has been silent for seven years, the curiosity of his public must be greatly stimulated on the appearance of a new volume. Will he have matured or will his powers have diminished—or, finding themselves in a new vein will he return to some former phase which was missing from his last book? All these questions will come to the surface in the minds of those who have watched the growth and then apparent decline of Mr. Squire as a poet. None will be disappointed by his new book; and some will feel that in such little pieces as *Late December* he says—not, indeed, anything that has not been said before—but something which will live in the mind after his longer poems have faded.

"The bare boughs,
The wet paths,
The footsteps plodding on:
The hanging mists,
The small rain,
The spirit of Autumn gone.

The sluggish birds,
The damp guns,
The season nearly over:
The vision past
That filled the woods:
The solitary lover!"

In fact a critical reading of these poems will beyond doubt reveal Mr. Squire as a poet of portraiture. There are other ingredients to be tasted here and there: humour in "The Brook," genuine emotional experience in "To a Son of Fourteen," almost heroic disillusionment in "The Rational Man"; and suffering in more than one. It is, however, in "Premature Spring," "John Donne to His Mistress," "In Absence" and "The Woods: Late January"—in which all other qualities are merged in the portrait—where he comes off best.

Those who hope that the parodist in Mr. Squire has not died during the barren years will have a taste of him here, for, in his own preface, the author tells us that he does not believe in separating "laughter and tears." There is a certain amount of rather ephemeral verse in the book, but those who were sitting on the fence about Mr. Squire as a poet will receive a pleasant surprise from the bulk of it, and those who believed him to be a genuine poet will find their taste well justified. He would be a churlish critic indeed who did not concede a large measure of praise to so ample a poetic sense as the author discloses in the rather awkwardly styled poem "On A Lady Singing Lawe's Music to Milton's Ode on the Nativity."

"I closed my eyes, and heard your voice recall
your delicate voice, exact and small and pure,
Each lovely curve and cunning interval,
Obeying his command with instinct sure:
But caught no echo of that thunderous hymn
From Zion's wall, where stand in burning row
The ranks of rainbow-winged Seraphim,
Who loud their long uplifted trumpets blow.

Zion was silent: and I only heard
As 'twere in dawn's dim twilight in a wood,
The faint sweet music of a hidden bird
Singing a private joy, not understood
By me, but strangely comforting to me,
From the deep heart of some invisible tree."

No—it is certainly time we came to terms with Mr. Squire as a poet, and recognised that now, if never before, he has spoken in the genuine voice.

A. S.

LIGHT ON GEORGIA

A History of the Georgian People. By W. E. D. Allen. Kegan Paul. 31s. 6d.

MR. ALLEN had a great chance. He has just missed it. His book is comprehensive, bears evidence of much research, and is almost overwhelmed by justification with footnote and reference. It has indeed all of what might be called the primary virtues of the historian.

But his ability to present facts clearly, simply, and with some indication of their continuity—a main secondary virtue—is not always marked. As was inevitable in any history of any Caucasian people, he has many good stories to tell, and he tells them well. On the social and anthropological side he finds cause for some stimulating reflections which give special interest to what he writes. And on the character of the Georgian people, not inaptly compared with that of the Irish, he is brilliantly intuitive.

But the main tale, of Georgian kings and princes, of war and rapine and conquest he allows too often to degenerate into a catalogue meaningless to Englishmen (to the greater number of whom Georgia probably suggests the United States rather than the Caucasus). It is a pity because the history of these kings and princes and wars is in fact history of the most romantic kind, recalling by turns the Golden Fleece, Byzantium and militant Islam. It is a pity too because Englishmen have so much to learn about this rich and unexplored field. Mr. Douglas Freshfield did some notable work in the Caucasus in the sixties. Mr. (afterwards Lord) Bryce travelled there in the nineties. They made the Caucasus known for a time, but since then it had again been forgotten. Had Mr. Allen only been willing to say less, he might have done much more. For in the beauty of Caucasian lands, Georgia among them, and the romance of Caucasian peoples, Georgians included, there is reason enough for an interest which, once aroused, might take Englishmen far along this untravelled path.

Mr. Allen, however, has chosen otherwise, and what most of us will lose the academic student will gain. This history of Georgia is the first serious work on the subject in English. It is likely also to be for some time to come the definitive work. For in these days few men have the leisure or the patience to acquire the mastery of Russian (a difficult language) or the knowledge of Georgian (an impossible language) that are essential to any serious study. Mr. Allen has done well to acquire them both in so short a time, and better to make the results available to all who care to read.

A RUNAWAY HOBBY

The Shakespearian Tempest. By J. Wilson Knight. Oxford University Press. Humphrey Milford. 12s. 6d.

(Reviewed by PROFESSOR T. M. PARROTT, Princeton University).

THIS volume is the fourth of a series in which an English scholar, now a professor in Toronto, has recently been attempting to found and formulate a new school of Shakespearian criticism. Yet it is quite possible that the author would disclaim the title of critic and call himself interpreter. In an earlier work he has defined his conception of interpretation as the study of a work of art as a "unit," disregarding sources, characters, and the supposed "intention" of the author and stressing the "spatial aspect," i.e. the unifying idea, as opposed to the "temporal," i.e., plot on action.

So far, so good, and there is much to be said for a new mode of approach to Shakespeare which abandons the well-worn road of character analysis and the somewhat dreary by-paths of bibliography, and concentrates attention once more upon Shakespeare the poet.

There is unfortunately little in this book which will add to the influence or authority of Professor Knight. It is heavy reading, overlong and repetitious. The thesis which gives its title to the book is that the "tempest" in Shakespeare symbolises disorder and division, while music stands for harmony and reunion. It may be permitted to remark that there needs no ghost come from the grave (nor professor from Canada) to tell us this. Furthermore, when the professor asserts that the significance of the "tempest-music opposition" constitutes "the only final unity in Shakespeare," even a willing learner may raise the eyebrow of incredulity.

Yet the method of Professor Knight is new and interesting. Kept within bounds, it has given us such valuable results as his "interpretations" of "Measure for Measure" and "Troilus and Cressida." Pushed to an extreme as sometimes in this book, it begins to verge upon the ludicrous. Intense concentration upon minor details leads to such statements as "the ducking of Falstaff is symbolically important and very necessary to an inclusive analysis of tempests." To insist that "Midsummer Night's Dream" continually suggests "Macbeth" is to raise something more than a suspicion that the author's hobby has run away with him.

Professor Knight evinces throughout a lofty disregard of earlier scholarship. He accepts the contents of the First Folio as wholly and solely the work of Shakespeare. An elaborate appendix on the Hecate scenes in "Macbeth" attempts to reclaim these excrescences on the play for its first author. "They do not sound like the work of Middleton," he says; but had he read Middleton's "Witch" with half the attention it deserves in this connection, he would, one hopes, have refrained from such a statement.

Yet whatever faults one may find in this book one must recognise its lofty aim: "to offer Shakespeare as a poet whose every effect of metaphor and verbal music, of simile and description, stage-direction and symbol, plot and action and personification, are all interwoven in each play, into one exquisite and significant design, and whose life-work presents a series of single act forms . . . based on the most universal, profound, and potent poetic concepts." Even if the author sometimes strays or stumbles, he has, it would seem, opened a road for surer-footed followers to approach somewhat nearer to his goal.

PICTURE OF THE VIKINGS

Northmen of Adventure. By Charles Marshall Smith. Longmans, Green. 16s. net.

"Doubt not, my Northmen,
Fate loves the fearless."

THIS motto that Mr. Marshall Smith takes for his book does indeed well sum up the character of those mighty wanderers and fighters who burst from their creeks and fiords from the 8th to the 10th centuries, traversed Europe, crossed the Atlantic, and gave the world from Sicily to Novgorod such a stimulus that we can definitely point to much as due to them. For the Northmen were not mere destroyers like the hosts of Genghis Khan: they quickly absorbed the culture they found in hands grown bloodless, wherever they fared. They were the chameleons of history, taking on the colour of different lands, and became traders, lawyers, and administrators with the same ease that they had excelled as seamen, reivers, boat-builders and bards. These Northmen were really among the most astonishing people there have ever been in the world, and nothing is more astonishing about them than the abruptness of their apparition and disappearance as a fighting, fertilizing leaven in the world. Mr. Marshall Smith has delved deep into the Sagas to construct a complete picture of the Vikings and their life, how they arose, what they achieved, and what their manner of thought. So doing, he has written a splendid book, flecked with seafoam and brilliant with the lure of great adventure. Mr. Marshall Smith has much of interest to say on Norse mythology, and argues plausibly the case that Odin and the Asar were in all probability men who came up from the south of Russia and were the earliest Northmen but became woven by succeeding generations into the existing legends of Thor, Loki, and the other nature gods. Rurik, the founder of the Russian state—to whom in the 9th century the Russians wrote: "Great is our land and fruitful, but there is no order in it: come then to reign over and govern us"—he is inclined to identify with Rorik of Frisia; happy it would be for Russia if she could find another such to-day. In his passage on the identification of Wineland in America, Mr. Marshall Smith does not seem to be aware that vines grow naturally in New Jersey and that wine is made from their grapes to this day: so if to-day, why not in that of Leif Ericson? "Northmen of Adventure" is a book for men and for boys—as full of interest as it is of thrill.

DAEDALUS AND THE TRUTH

The Inequality of Man and Other Essays. By J. B. S. Haldane. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

IN this lively and entertaining collection of essays, Mr. Haldane begins by saying, "Science cannot determine what is right or wrong, and should not try to." It is hard to see what Science in the author's person is doing throughout the rest of the book—take the lecture on Science and Ethics for example—other than lay down a scale of values which implies right and wrong.

Mr. Haldane is amiably patronising to philosophers, attributing to them the function of "professional doubters." Since they deal with the rules of thought to which the scientist with all his measures, clocks and experiments is as much subject as anyone else, it seems possible that they might at the present moment do Science a service by applying their methods to the edifice constructed by our physicists. Starting from the law of causation they have arrived at a conclusion which denies it.

Causality applies to large bodies not to atoms. One cannot say that an atom in a given situation will behave in such and such a manner, merely that there is a certain probability that it will do so. But if we observe a body containing as few as a million million atoms (which requires a powerful microscope), these probabilities coalesce to a practical certainty. In a million million bridge hands the odds against a one per cent. excess of black cards is over ten thousand million million to one. The odds against a one per cent. deviation from the ordinary laws of mechanics by a particle large enough to be seen with a microscope are about as large.

"It is such a very, very tiny baby," said the girl excusing an indiscretion. This atomic indeterminism has a curious analogy with the swerve of Lucretius atoms, the "clinamen," by which in their straight downward course through the void, "at times quite uncertain and uncertain intervals they swerve a little from their course, just so much as to allow you to call it a change of motion."

Lucretius following Epicurus was in no doubt as to the importance of that infinitesimal swerve which accounted for free-will and indeed the universe in his system. Are our modern scientists right when they proclaim that the self-willed atom does not really affect the whole of the system built on causality?

In the paper entitled "Some Consequences of Materialism" Mr. Haldane plunges bravely into the sea of eternities and the infinite. "If an event occurs on an average every ten to the tenth to the hundredth years, it has already happened an infinite number of times and will happen an infinite number more." With all the hands of atoms that are being dealt every fraction of a second throughout infinite time, the deviations from the law of mechanics cannot surely be so lightly dismissed.

Our author must I think admit that he is not really prepared to extend the realm of scientific values quite so far as his professions suggest. More than once he boggles at emotion as "a stumbling-block on the road to truth;" he would have it deliberately suppressed until the last possible moment. Yet there are emotions that are

as real and true as any circumstance that science can observe. Mr. Haldane admits that consciousness is a fact "a good deal more certain than the existence of cells and atoms." The feelings of a man must grow side by side with his intellect or, as practical psychology shows, his growth will be stunted and unbalanced and his life crippled.

After all Mr. Haldane confesses that he is a bit of a Platonist. He writes about the appreciation of literature and music and indeed other emotions in terms which are an admission that exact science can never cover the whole of life. That is why his papers, many of which are disappointingly short, are so attractive.

A MYSTERIOUS CHARLATAN

Count Cagliostro. By C. Photiades. Translated by K. S. Shelvankar. Rider. 12s. 6d.

Cagliostro's life remains one of the mysteries of history. His extraordinary career cannot be explained by the mere assumption that he was a charlatan. Often enough he was caught out in dishonesty, but there is much in his life that cannot be so simply accounted for. However many his knaveries, he certainly expiated them during the four years of agony he passed in the dungeon of San Leo, the Apennine fortress, before death relieved him of the sentence of imprisonment for life, imposed on him by the Inquisition.

"Sludge the Medium" bears witness to the difficulty of distinguishing what is true and what is false in a claim of occult powers. There seems good evidence that Cagliostro was a clairvoyant and not only a trickster, and he was most certainly a man of exceptional intelligence; otherwise he would never have attained to the heights of prosperity which he reached at the zenith of his career.

In the present book the main facts of his life with a quantity of documentary evidence—particularly interesting is that relating to the famous Diamond Necklace—are set out clearly, but the author fails to present a living portrait of his hero. He is unwilling to commit himself to a complete acceptance of the man in all his contradictions and consequently the personality behind the facts remains unexplained and unconvincing.

The New Universe. By A. S. McNeil. C. W. Daniel. 5s.

Mr. McNeil writing as "a member of the public" sets merrily to work to put our philosophical scientists right, dealing specially with Astronomy but covering a variety of other subjects. He is ready not only to correct the accepted view—it must be admitted that it changes with vertiginous velocity—but also to give his own reply to such simple questions as "What is the Universe?" "What was its beginning?" "What will be its ending—if any?" It is easy to convict our scientists of self-deception, inconsistency and muddled-thinking when they launch themselves into realms in which they are not nationalised, the lands of philosophy and religion, but Mr. McNeil, if he convicts them of error, is scarcely of a calibre to put them right. His answer to the riddle of the Universe seems to be open to the same objections as those which he rejects.

THE SECRET OF WORDS

Dialectic or the Tactics of Thinking. By Frank Binder. Eric Partridge. Scholartis Press. 10s. 6d.

MR. BINDER'S book opens with a bold question: should the teacher ask and the pupil answer, as our education system ordains, or should not their positions be reversed, the pupil questioning and the teacher replying? He puts forward an excellent case for this reversal, the Sophistic method, since it is the pupil's question, that is his curiosity, which is the test of his personality: indeed the only argument against it would seem to be the rarity of teachers capable of teaching under such a system. Not that the professor is to give just the right answer. On the contrary,

The Professor . . . must never in his answers deliver truth save when, as with Grecian gifts, he intends to deceive. Primed with well-sifted sophistries he should, while keeping to the high coastroad of *terra firma* truth, be able to tip the student into oceans of surmise and plausibility, and then with straws of rescue, illusions of life-lines, and drowning advice how to get to the shore, rate the student's power to save himself. It is not enough to lead a student by the still waters, one must lose him at last in the stormy ones, and as in all machinery tests the strains are increased and the perils multiplied, so here in this examination let the waters be deep and the storms be strong.

From this basic idea it follows that Mr. Binder upholds the spoken word, against the written, the tongue against the pen, and argues most ingeniously that a wise man must have at his tongue's tip all the cunning shifts and fallacies which may make the worse cause appear the better reason, ever ready to apply the standard, which is the test of truth.

So in his defence of Dialectic the author discusses the principles of deception, finding salvation in the sliding scale, and passes on to build up a philosophy. He has written in fine and balanced prose a book which all who wish to think clearly should read, since they cannot profit by his spoken Dialectic which would reduce them to the "aporia" that is the beginning of wisdom. If only our popular scientists would study Mr. Binder, they would talk much less nonsense about those philosophical regions in which they have begun to flounder.

He reads a lesson to Bernard Shaw on the muddled thinking of his reply to Lord Darling's defence of flogging, "wherein, to borrow a phrase from Swift, 'the blunders contend for number with the words' "

Mr. Shaw opens, "Every flogging judge ought to have two or three dozen himself to bring him to understand." That Mr. Shaw in this sentence advocates what he condemns is perhaps the least of its follies, but the final clause "to bring him to understand" means, if it really means anything, that flogging would not fail of its righteous effect.

A fine and provocative book, written in good, if rather difficult, rhythmic prose.

A LUCID FINANCIAL EXPERT

The Art of Central Banking. By R. G. Hawtrey. Longmans, 18s. net.

MR. R. G. HAWTREY'S name is too well-known as a Treasury expert and a writer on financial subjects for any praise of his work to be necessary: whatever he produces is certain to be of a high order. The volume under review has a slightly fallacious title since it is properly that of only one section, though doubtless a very important section, of the book, which also contains separate chapters on French monetary policy, on speculation and collapse in Wall Street, on Money and Index numbers, and a particularly brilliant disquisition on Mr. Keynes' "Treatise on Money." Mr. Hawtrey gives a compendious account of the rise of the Central Bank, particularly in England, one of his most important conclusions being that the power of central banks ought to be used to prevent undue fluctuations in the price level, or, in other words, to stabilise the price of gold. Here it is possible that Mr. Hawtrey shows an undue bias: like most financial experts he has grown accustomed to thinking that artificial manipulation from on high can cure all financial ills, an error that has cost the world dear. Had numerous post-war congresses not been so exclusively run by banking and Treasury experts, but rather by men of ordinarily good powers of observation and common sense, things might well have been in less of a pickle than they are to-day. Similarly on the causes of the American slump Mr. Hawtrey is inclined to take too narrow a view. On French monetary policy however he is in the main remarkably sound. Although we may not always agree with him, Mr. Hawtrey's essays in this volume are stimulating, lucid, and thoroughly worthy of their author's high reputation.

Next Week's Broadcasting

WITH the last week of the year before us it may be interesting to think back over 1932. An Empire broadcasting service was inaugurated, the five millionth licence-holder has come and gone—even by now he is something of a grey-beard—Mr. Priestley's manuscript has been mislaid, and a famous movie star was inadvertently announced as "Mr. Filmbanks."

Apart from that, the Promenade Concert season was an unqualified success, as were the Symphony Concerts; Talks have sustained their reputation and even enhanced it with the introduction of two series—"Consider Your Verdict," and "To An Unnamed Listener"; Music Hall has made an extremely promising début, while non-stop variety has been equally disappointing; there have been some good plays; it has been a year of progress.

Finally, the best Christmas wish which the B.B.C. will broadcast will come from the lips of Commander Stephen King-Hall when he tells his juvenile listeners to "be good: not so frightfully good that someone will immediately say 'Now what mischief are you up to?' but, just, well, fairly good."

FILMS

By MARK FORREST

Trouble in Paradise. Directed by Ernest Lubitsch. Carlton.

Rackety Rax. Directed by Alfred Werker. Capitol.

For the Love of Mike. Directed by Monty Banks. Regal.

THE direction of Mr. Lubitsch in the new picture at the Carlton is once again superb. All those clever touches, which make any film in which he has a hand remarkable, are again in evidence, and this hour and a quarter of impudence, or imprudence, contains more originality than a dozen other pictures put together. "Trouble in Paradise," as its title suggests, is an artificial film and in all probability there will not be so much enthusiasm over it throughout the rest of England as there is in London, but Herbert Marshall in the star rôle of a super Raffles should serve to make up in some measure for the lack of that robust humour which the provinces enjoy.

His grand *coup* is planned at the expense of the wealthy Marianne, Kay Francis, and at the beginning everything seems easy enough for him and his accomplice, played by Miriam Hopkins; unfortunately his heart won't altogether obey his head, and in the end he only keeps the latter with great difficulty. The story has been adapted from a play, "The Honest Finder," and the construction hangs together even in the most tenuous situations.

The new picture at the Capitol, "Rackety Rax," is in direct contrast to "Trouble in Paradise." The weapon employed here is not the rapier, but the bludgeon; for all that it is very amusing in parts. The gangsters suddenly "get wise" to the possibilities of making a "racket" out of amateur football, and "the big shot," played by Victor McLaglen, buys up a college. With the aid of knuckle dusters and other lethal weapons they defeat all their opponents with consummate ease, while the gate money makes the business well worth their time. Unfortunately a rival gangster thinks the idea a "swell" one; he, too, buys up a college and the game between the two is eventually fought to a finish with machine guns and bombs.

Finally, this week there is the screen version of "For the Love of Mike," which comes to the Regal and which, according to present plans, will be replaced on Boxing Day by an adaptation of "The Maid of the Mountains." The first half of "For the Love of Mike," which features Bobby Howes, is rather a dreary business, but the film wakes up later on and a burlesque of the famous Apache dance is a good bit of foolery. More interesting, but more serious Christmas fare, is being provided by the Rialto and Academy cinemas. At the first named "The Tempest" is being revived; this picture is notable for the performance of Emil Jannings and the appearance of Anna Sten. At the Academy is the English version of Mr. Pabst's "Atlantis," which has been taken from Mr. Benoit's well known book "L'Atlantide."

The Saturday Acrostics

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 14

THIS PHRASE DENOTES A PEER, CALLED PAM FOR SHORT, FRIEND OF THE PRIZE-RING AND ALL MANLY SPORT.

1. From flavoured flat-fish lop away a third.
2. Her lover lost, to life she death preferred.
3. Joyous as conquering king upon his throne.
4. On him rain falls, but not on him alone.
5. See them in turn for pardon vainly suing!
6. Too high a one might be a realm's undoing.
7. Arraign for crimes or gross neglect of duty.
8. When deftly carved, an object of much beauty.
9. Decked a male lip when crinolines were worn.
10. Poor Sarah was ere Jacob's sire was born.
11. From writing-master's mouth this word may fall.
12. Enrolled to combat at his country's call.

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 13

H	igh - cockaloru	M
D	E bor	A h ¹
A	ttac	K
T	reasur	E ²
&		C.
D	ye	R
R	aree - sh	Ow
O	x tail - sou	P
U	surious	S
G	allows - bir	D
H		I r a m ³
T	un	E

¹ Until that I Deborah arose, That I arose a mother in Israel.—Judges v. 7.

² St. Matt. vi. 19.

³ 1 Kings v. 1.

The winner of Acrostic No. 12 will be given next week.

IN A NUTSHELL



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The
CHURCH ARMY

CITY.—By C. J. HAMILTON*Lombard Street, Thursday.*

THE next move in the War Debt problem is being hindered by the obvious defect in the United States Constitution which virtually hamstring the Executive for six months after an election resulting in a change of President. In matters of such delicacy time spent in negotiation soon slips away. Yet there remain but six months before the next instalment of the debt is due, an instalment which we have announced in advance will not be paid and which America has stated that she will not forego. Mr. Hoover's message to Congress fully admits the necessity for a reconciliation of these opposites and for the moment the City is content to leave it at that, confident that when the time comes a way will be found. There will certainly be some hard bargaining before the eventual agreement is signed and sealed. In such a contest the American Achilles heel is to be found in the vulnerability of her currency.

The most important immediate consequence of the Debt crisis has been the uncertainty with regard to monetary policy to which it has given rise. It was feared in many quarters that a rise in Bank rate and a contraction of credit would shortly follow the large emission of gold. There is, of course, no necessity for the one to follow as a result of the other. Certainly there is no need to raise the Bank rate in order to strengthen the position of sterling. On the contrary, partly because of the reaction from the fears arising out of the controversy preceding the critical 15th, partly in anticipation of the approaching seasonal rise in the value of the pound, the sterling exchange has sharply risen again. Although the Exchange Fund is being used to moderate this upward tendency it will certainly prove unequal to the task of pegging the pound at its present level.

The Course of Gilt-Edged

There is an important connection between the anticipated value of sterling and the market value of British Gilt Edged. Just as when people abroad were fearing the future of the pound because of unfounded notions regarding the consequences of the debt payment, there was a steady, if not very great, realisation of sterling securities on foreign account, so now, when these same people are expecting a material improvement in sterling, there is foreign buying of these securities in order that they may be realised later at a higher currency value. In so far as this particular influence goes one must expect an immediate strength, followed by a later weakness, in Gilt Edged.

Japan abandoned the gold standard almost exactly a year ago. The former gold value of the yen in terms of the dollar was 49.85 cents. The market value of the yen to-day is about 20½ cents. It has thus fallen to about two-fifths of its former exchange parity. The reason for this catastrophic decline is easily given. The pressure upon her gold reserves caused by an unfavourable trade balance forced her to find relief through currency depreciation. Since abandoning gold heavy public expenditure and trade depression have led to an enormous expansion in public borrowing and in bank money. Inflation, however, has had its customary effects in the earlier stages of the process. Internal prices have risen sharply, but they have not risen uniformly, or as fast as the exchange value of the yen has fallen. Hence the currency depreciation has greatly stimulated the Japanese export trade. For the first ten months of 1932 her cotton tissues exported exceeded those for the same period in 1931 by 45,000,000 yen. Her output of cotton cloth last October was greater than in October, 1931, by an amount equal to 115,000,000 yards per annum.

Lancashire's Trade

This expansion of Japanese export has been to a large extent at the cost of our Lancashire cotton industry, and the Manchester Chamber of Commerce is anxious to protect Lancashire's trade with India by a drastic modification of our tariff preferences. The chief lesson to be learned from the depreciation of the yen is, perhaps, that the policy of price raising, pursued so vigorously by Japan in recent months, has very great international dangers when it does not proceed at an equal rate in all countries. Reflation has become for many people a necessary preliminary to recovery.

Going to the Dogs

In the domestic market the topic of the hour is, naturally, the outlook for greyhound racing. The axe which has fallen as the result of the judgment in the High Court has long been seen suspended over the heads of promoters of this form of sport. The amount of capital now invested in stadia is about £5 million. This takes no account of the very considerable capital employed in the ancillary activities, such as dog breeding. It may be true that many Greyhound Racing Companies can pay good profits without relying on their share of Tote takings. They cannot run their business without the attraction of betting. Clearly the anomalous position created by the judgment, characteristic of our gaming law, will not be left as it is. Meanwhile we must expect a pause, if no more, in the recent rush of Greyhound Issues.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Brieux, The Dramatist

SIR,—In the "Notes of the Week" (December 10), you state: "No one can affect to be unaware of Brieux's greatness except the frivolous or the ignorant." This is certainly not the opinion of the majority of playgoers in France. Discussions of "views on venereal disease" may be a suitable subject for doctors and medical students in a certain class of hospital, but certainly not on the stage.

As the son of a Frenchman, proud of the country of his ancestors, it has always pained me very much to find that the fair land of France is still regarded in England, at least by some people, as the main source of supply of dirty plays and novels. Corneille, Molière, and Racine could produce dramatic masterpieces in the seventeenth century without the aid of filthy talk on the stage, and Victor Hugo, Scribe, Sardou, and even the younger Alexandre Dumas were equally successful in the nineteenth. The author of "La dame aux Camélias," it is true, sometimes dealt with "risky" subjects, but there is not a single offensive word or sentence in any of his plays.

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

49, Trent Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.

Rebuild Britain

SIR,—For several months past the Press of the world has been chronicling the progress of the rebuilding of Rome, a task to which Mussolini set himself immediately after his accession to power ten years ago. Is there not a lesson in this for us in Britain? Why not a rebuilding of Britain campaign? Waterloo Bridge has been "falling down" for the past ten years, and while we are still squabbling about what is to take its place, traffic congestion gets worse and worse. Far worse slums than Rome ever knew we tolerate without a murmur, though we have thousands of unemployed builders waiting for a chance to work.

CHARLES VIVIAN.

3, Hare Court, Temple, E.C.4.

Lawyers v. Doctors

SIR,—I did not say that lawyers could not produce good literature. I merely suggested that doctors had produced more, and better literature.

In any event, A Barrister's list of lawyers who have been men of letters does not impress me. Fielding, Scott and Darling I admit were actively engaged in law as well as letters. But Thackeray and Macaulay must surely be disqualified. Did they ever practice?

On the other hand among doctors who have made names for themselves in literature (and not merely as writers of medical treatises) the names at once spring to mind of Sir Thomas Browne of *Religio Medici*; Oliver Wendell Holmes, Conan Doyle, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Warwick Deeping, R. Austin Freeman, Somerset Maugham, Sir Ronald Ross, Sir Frederick Treves, Sir John Bland Sutton, whose book on Ethiopia is a classic; and last but not least St. Luke, the beloved physician.

ANNE ARMSTRONG.

COMPANY MEETINGS

E. W. TARRY & CO.

The annual general meeting of E. W. Tarry and Co., Ltd., was held on Tuesday at Southern House, London, E.C.

Commander OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P., who presided in the absence, through indisposition, of Sir Fortescue Flannery, Bt. (the chairman), said that in South Africa, apart from the gold-mining industry, they had passed through a period of dwindling exports, falling retail prices and increased unemployment.

The orders for goods from the mines, railways and private firms had been reduced to the minimum, and competition for these orders had been very severe. Turning to the brighter side, there were reports of gold-mining revival in Southern Rhodesia, and it was claimed from Johannesburg that the main reef continued beyond its present known limit for a distance of approximately 40 miles. If this should prove true big developments might be looked for. A tangible sign of improvement in business was in respect of railway earnings, which during October last showed a considerable recovery. This season there was an advance of about 20 per cent. in the price of wool, which, with the 25 per cent. subsidy granted by the Government with the object of counteracting to some extent the adverse effects of the exchange, made it possible for farmers to ship their clip with the hope of making a profit.

The accounts submitted showed a gross profit of £27,377 in excess of that of the previous year—nearly double—and the net result was a loss of £4,968, against £52,179 in the previous year. With regard to the current financial year, the company's turnover had slightly improved, and it was believed that they were turning the corner.

The report was unanimously adopted.

CARRERAS LTD.

The twenty-ninth annual general meeting of Carreras Ltd. was held on Monday at Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.

SIR LOUIS B. BARON, Bt. (chairman and managing director), said that, after writing off all expenses, including a contribution to the staff superannuation fund and making full provision for depreciations, the net profit for the year amounted to £750,659. The directors proposed to make the appropriations mentioned in the report, leaving £1,140,892 to be carried forward, as compared with £1,104,918 brought in. The year just closed, like its predecessor, had brought its difficulties. They were beset, right from the very commencement, with intensive competition and the imposition by the Government of a further 8d. per lb. taxation on tobacco, and these extra costs had had to be dealt with.

Nevertheless the directors were happy to place before the shareholders the very satisfactory results of the past year, and to point to the stronger position of the Company in all directions, not only in the maintenance of the dividend, but in the increase in the reserve fund from £972,777 to £1,000,000 and in the figure carried forward. The export business had shown an improvement during the year, the difficulties experienced in the previous year having, to some extent, been overcome.

In the home market they were still surrounded by difficult conditions and keen competition, and the cost of advertising and selling their products had exceeded by a considerable amount the figure for any preceding year, but, for all this, every one of their principal brands had shown a substantial increase. The fact that they had been able to increase their turnover during a period when the Board of Trade returns showed a decline in the consumption of tobacco was evidence that they had still further gained the appreciation of the public as to the value and consistency of the company's products.

Their new brand, "Clubs," which was introduced about a year ago, had progressed along the lines they had hoped for, and the entire cost of promoting this new venture had already been paid for out of revenue. During the year under review they had introduced an

Empire smoking tobacco in two forms—the Craven Empire de Luxe Mixture and the Craven Empire de Luxe "Curly Cut." These tobaccos had met with the approval of the public right from the start, and the sales were continually increasing.

With regard to the prospects, the directors would endeavour to carry on in the same progressive spirit that had marked the conduct of the business in the past. If business continued at the rate of progress which had marked the first two months of this new financial year, the directors were hopeful of being able to show next year results that were as good as, if not better than, those reported that day.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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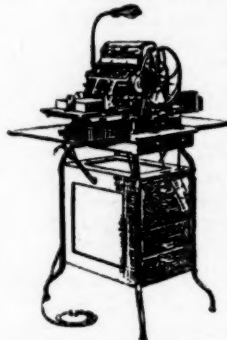
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